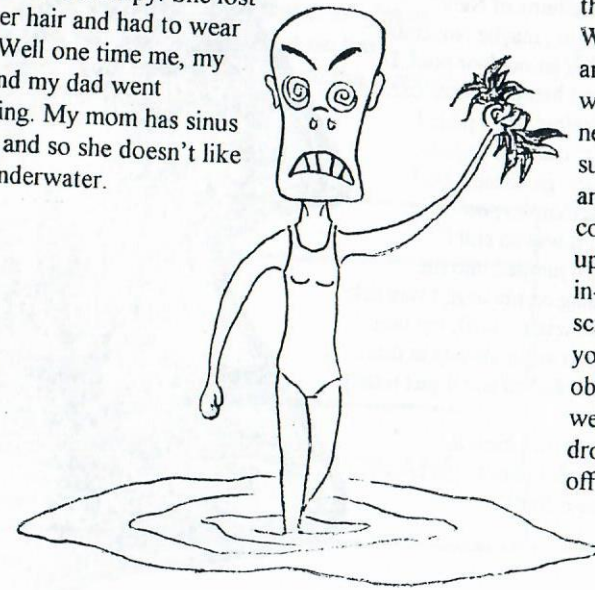


**Mr. Peebody's
Picture Book
of Memories**

I don't like going to the beach so much anymore. I did when I was a kid, though. What kid doesn't? I remember this one time my family and my mother's side of the family all went to Salisbury Beach in Massachusetts. Before we went our parents bought me and my cousins Jim and Sean each a sun hat. We looked like a bunch of Gilligans in those things.



When I was about 5 years old my mom got cancer and had to go thru chemotherapy. She lost all of her hair and had to wear a wig. Well one time me, my mom and my dad went swimming. My mom has sinus trouble and so she doesn't like to go underwater.



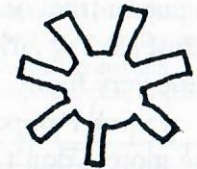
My dad knew this, but he's a playful guy who doesn't always think before he does stuff. Well, my mom was sitting on an inner-tube in the shallow water and my dad was wading next to her, when all of a sudden he flips the tube over and my mom gets dunked, completely under. She stood up out of the water, coughing in-between furious raging screams. If you've never seen your mom bald, swearing obscenities while clutching a wet wig that looks more like a drowned rat, you're far better off than me.

When I was about 6ish me and mom and dad went up to see the "Old Man in the Mountain" and other attractions of the White Mountains of New Hampshire. It was late Autumn, maybe November. We stayed at a motel that had an outdoor pool. I remember looking into it and being amazed, cuz I'd never seen an empty pool before. As a joke, I turned to my dad and said, "Dare me to jump in?" I believe he said, "Sure, go ahead." So I did. The only problem was that the pool actually was full of water. It was so still I couldn't see it. Luckily, I'd jumped into the shallow end and so, standing on my toes, I was able to keep my head out of the water... well, my face anyway. Yeah, I was able to swim already at that point, but dude I was fully clothed and it just totally took me by surprise.

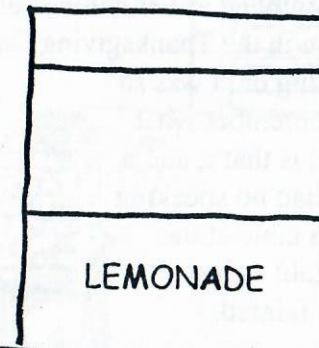
Dad was quick to pull me out, saying "For crying out loud, I didn't think you were really gonna do it!"



The first computer I remember using was an Apple. And the first computer game I ever played was called "Lemonade Stand". The idea was that you had to make money selling glasses of lemonade. The number of glasses you sold was totally dependent on the weather. Very basic, indeed. And the graphics were worse than the Atari 2600.

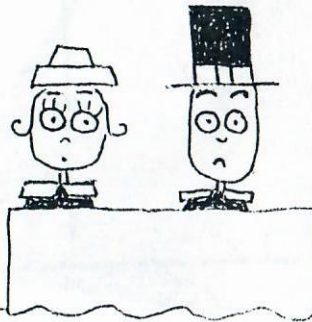


All that was on the screen was the stand and a sun or clouds, depending on the weather. I wish I could say the designers created better looking graphics than what I've drawn, but quite frankly, it really was as bad as this.



I'm not one for public performance. I have a hard time getting up in front of crowds. One-on-one, I can be quite the card. Just ask my girlfriend, she says that when we're alone she finds me very funny...especially in bed.

I think I've performed in about two plays in my life. Maybe more, I don't know, I might've passed out a few times or just blacked out the entire memory of it. One occasion that I do remember (*barely*) was in the 2nd grade. My teacher was Ms. Blood. She was as ruthless as her name sounds. Ms. Blood made everyone perform in the Thanksgiving Day play her class was putting on. I was so nervous I don't even remember what happened. The sad fact is that I, and a girl just as shy as me, had no speaking lines. We were put at a table at the back of the stage and told to just sit there. I swear I almost fainted.



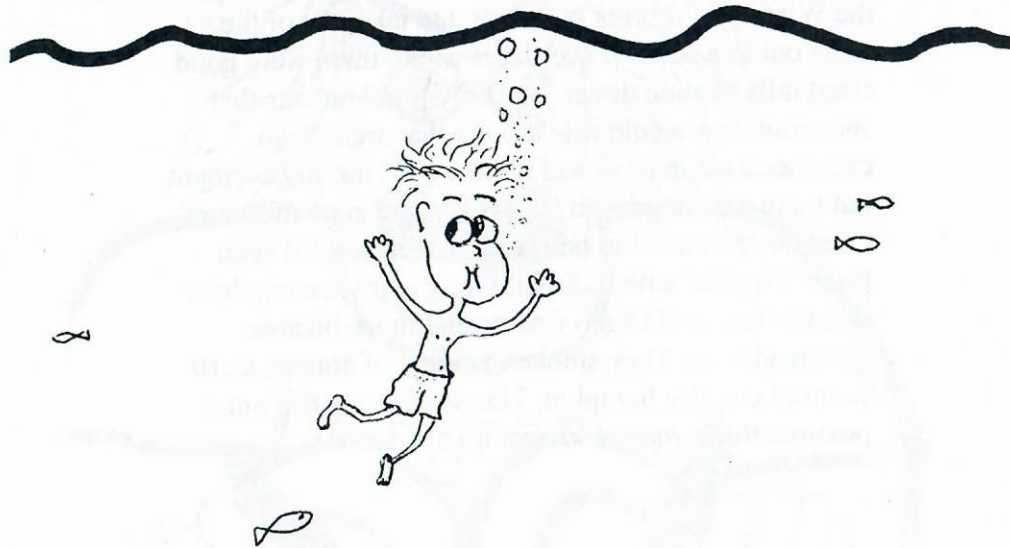
My aunt Kay made me a Superman outfit for Halloween one year. It was just a cape with a purple "S" sewed on to a t-shirt. It was nothing special, but somehow it really did turn me into Superman. And in one of my most daring public performances, I stood at the end of my grandmother's driveway, posing and waving at the passing cars. That was the bravest thing I've ever done and I owe it all to that suit.



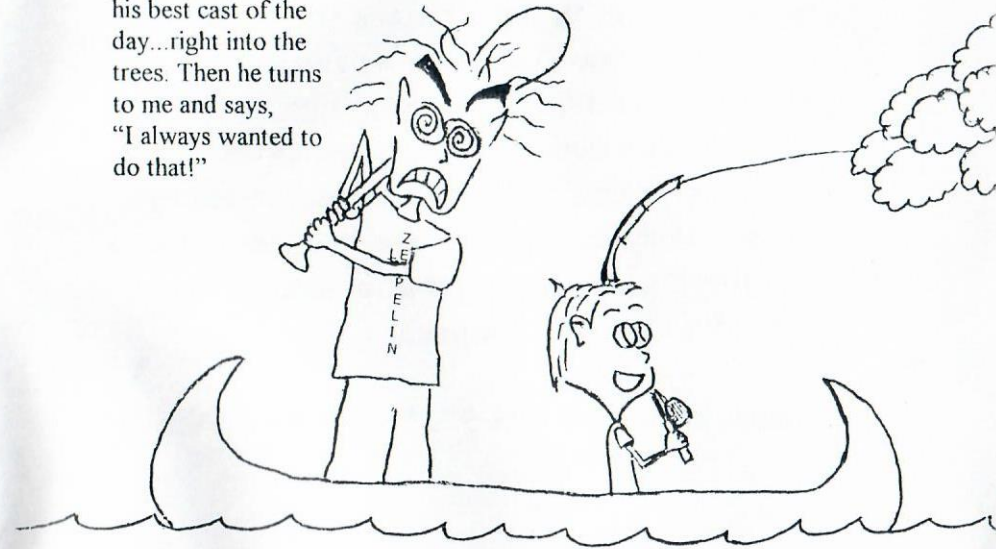


My cousin Sean lived close by and I would visit him often. Out behind his house were a bunch of trails thru the woods and we would wander around all day. In the Winter we'd bring our sleds and take one of the trails out to a set of power lines where there were good sized hills to slide down. The only problem was that snowmobilers would ride around that area. Sean convinced me that we had to be careful not to be caught out there sledding by any of the 'hippie snowmobilers'. I had no reason not to believe him. I mean, I'd seen these 'hippies' with their wild long hair wearing these satanic 'Grateful Dead' t-shirts and those bizarre granny glasses. They smoked pot and of course, as 10 year old country bumpkin, I knew that was the worst possible thing you could ever do.

Summertime meant swimming at Gramp's Pond for me. I developed into quite the fish. By the time I reached 4th grade I could hold my breath for two full minutes. When I was swimming at the pond and there were others around, I would jump into the dark water and stay under as long as I could to freak everyone out. A few times it worked, especially with the adults. They'd come running over after half a minute. I'd pop back up and they'd sigh in relief.



One time when I was about 17, me and my cousin Jeremiah went fishing. Jeremiah's a good 10 years younger than me and a good deal more impatient than me...or so I thought. As we were noisily fishing along, we neared the edge of the lake where tree limbs leaned over the water. Completely out of the blue, Jeremiah intentionally makes his best cast of the day...right into the trees. Then he turns to me and says, "I always wanted to do that!"



Thanks for reading my little comic book. I enjoy doodling once in a while and I thought it might be a good idea to get some of these memories from my youth down on paper before they slip my mind. I hope you liked them. And if you dig this stuff you might like my regular zine, Mr.Peebody's Soiled Trousers and Other Delights. It's a daily journal of my current life here in Hollywood. It's \$2 and it comes out on a monthly basis. You can get a taste of it on the web at: expage.com/mrpeebody

Jason Koivu, PO Box 931333, LA CA 90093